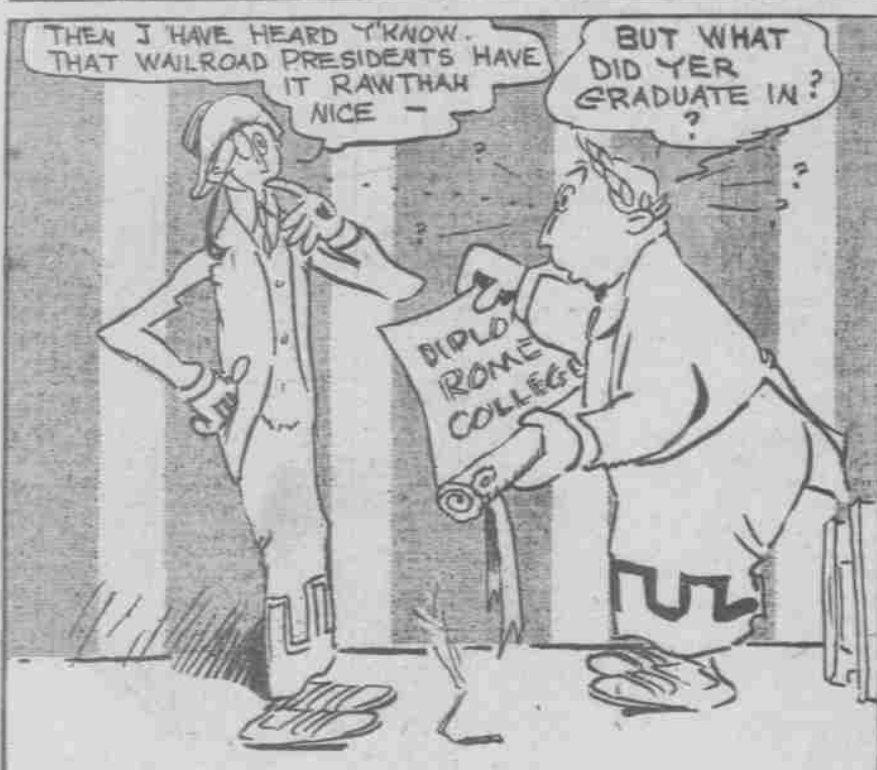




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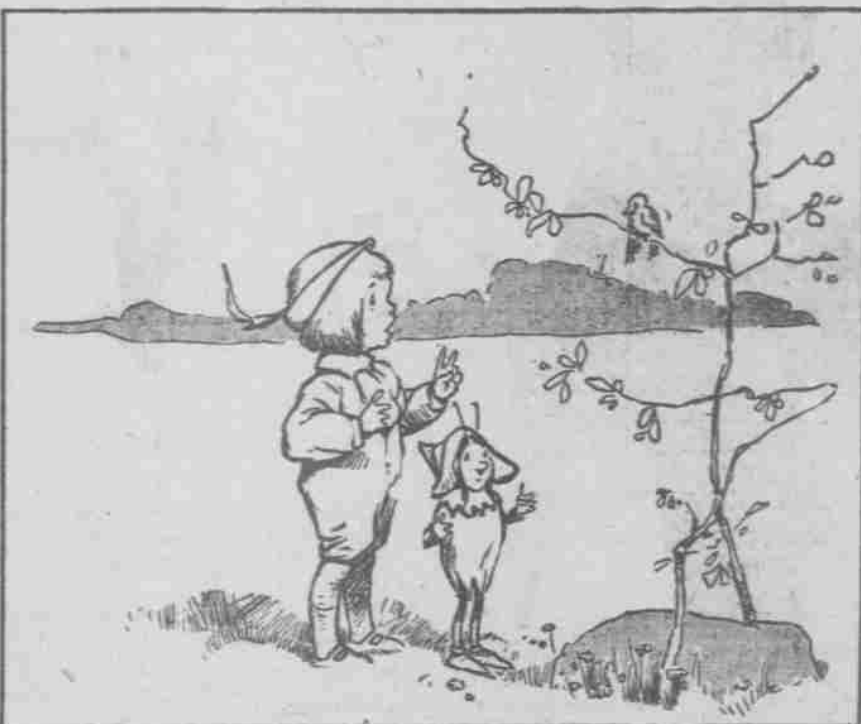
By A.E. HAYWARD



MR. TWEE DEEDLE.



1—"I'll bet those two boys have been shooting birds," said Dickie as he and Mr. Twee Deedle watched the boys walking across the field with their guns over their shoulders.



2—"Yes, you were right!" replied Mr. Twee Deedle as he and Dickie came upon a poor little bird with a broken wing. "Here is one that they have shot!"



3—Mr. Twee Deedle climbed the tree and gave the wounded bird to Dickie to carry and soon they found the mate of the wounded bird. "Poor little things; I do not see what fun there can be in shooting them!" said Dickie.



4—Mr. Twee Deedle whistled and soon Dr. Goggle came with his magic medicine and they left the wounded bird in his care. "It's wing will be all right in a short time!" said Dr. Goggle, "but it would be best to let me take care of it for awhile!"



5—Presently Mr. Twee Deedle and Dickie came to the nest of the two birds and they could hear the baby birds crying for the old ones. "I will make both of us small and we will fly up and try to comfort them!" said Mr. Twee Deedle.



6—Some little Sprites flew up with baskets of worms and fed the baby birds. "We will take care of them until they can fly!" they said.

"Just think how badly those boys would feel if some one should take their parents away," exclaimed Mr. Twee Deedle. "They could have just as much fun shooting at targets! And it would not cause any poor creature any suffering!"